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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1903.

CIRCULATION DURING DECEMBER.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of the St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the Daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of December, 1902, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date	Copies	Date	Copies
1.....	114,520	17.....	117,080
2.....	115,380	18.....	114,900
3.....	116,080	19.....	113,950
4.....	115,350	20.....	115,870
5.....	116,250	21.....(Sunday).....	120,350
6.....	116,490	22.....	114,190
7.....(Sunday).....	121,040	23.....	114,020
8.....	115,020	24.....	114,420
9.....	115,380	25.....	115,820
10.....	115,580	26.....	114,230
11.....	116,100	27.....	115,610
12.....	114,980	28.....(Sunday).....	119,510
13.....	115,010	29.....	113,790
14.....(Sunday).....	120,390	30.....	114,590
15.....	114,820	31.....	113,560
16.....	114,920		
Total for the month.....	3,588,408		
Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed.....	90,240		
Net number distributed.....	3,498,168		
Average daily distribution.....	112,555		

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of December was 7.5 per cent.

W. B. CARR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of December, 1902.

J. F. FAIRISH.

Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo.

My term expires April 25, 1903.

WORLD'S—1904—FAIR.

KING'S HIGHWAY.

The plans for improvement of King's highway as a boulevard for its entire length show what large results may be accomplished through systematic and judicious effort. Completion of this work would of itself bring credit on the present city administration, as it is a project from which the whole community would derive benefit. General advantages which it presents form sufficient reason for carrying it out.

Possibly the full possibilities of the proposed improvement are not yet well enough recognized. If so, however, the plans prepared by the special commission should set the matter clear. They unfold the prospect not only of a boulevard to connect the principal parks, cemeteries and places of interest, but, as well, of a riverside drive, perhaps seven miles long, from Calvary and Bellefontaine cemeteries to the Chain of Rocks Park at the extreme northern city limits.

Here is a suggestion for a great public work. King's highway and connecting avenues would form a semicircular boulevard, at 5000 west, from Carondelet Park on the south to Broadway and O'Fallon Park on the north, a distance of ten miles. From this point to the park at the Chain of Rocks would be a riverside drive seven and a half miles long.

Thus St. Louis would have a continuous drive seventeen and one-half miles long joining Carondelet Park, Tower Grove Park, which is near Shaw's Garden, Forest Park, O'Fallon Park, Calvary and Bellefontaine cemeteries and the Chain of Rocks Park. Eventually the avenue along the river would result in riverside improvements, which are much desired.

The plans are practically finished, and the hard work begins—procurement of funds and realization of the project. However, the benefit is so inviting, and is evidently so desirable from both utilitarian and aesthetic standpoints, that it should be fulfilled.

When the boulevard is finished it will prove popular and will foster a common demand for more improvements of this kind.

RECORD OF CAUSES.

Pitiful admissions relative to Republican defeat in recent elections have been made in the Wagoner-Butler contest by active members of the local Republican machine. The statements of causes which combined to overthrow that party in St. Louis were so adverse to Republican interests that the machine organ, desiring to protect its followers and save campaign material, refrained from publishing them.

Not the Nesbit law but disruption in Republican ranks brought the Republican tickets down. Contests were not made in disputes over Republican nominations. Why not? Because the Supreme Court had "nailed up" the ballot boxes? No; the Supreme Court did nothing of the kind. Why not, then? Because the Republicans were afraid that conduct of contests would result in exposure of weakness in the State and city machines. This exposure was among the confessions made under oath by Republican ward leaders.

Truth is rising with a vengeance. The Globe has claimed that elections were stolen. Now we have the sworn word of professional politicians that the election statute was not responsible for Republican losses, but that the party's miserable failures at the polls were directly attributable to rebellion and war among workers belonging to the Republican machine. This was well known to the public, though it was not officially confirmed. Confirmation has now been supplied by Republicans themselves.

Chris Schwabacker, Louis Becker and Julius Wurzbacher, three well-known and representative members of the local Republican machine, declared that a state of war existed in the Republican party and that stock was considerably below par. The faithful, they said, would not work for party success. Consequently, in their opinion, the election went to the Democrats by default.

With these confessions from its friends as a guide the Globe is better qualified to review the causes of Republican defeat and cease its slanders on the State and city governments and laws. And, in order to aid

that organ in arriving at the whole truth, The Republic, as it has done before, will offer further evidence to show that the Republicans were entirely blameable for their own sorrows. They attempted suicide and then, with false allegations, tried to make a case of murder against the victors. It was a cunning but unsuccessful and rank conspiracy.

War in Republican lines was an important agent in bringing about Democratic success, but it was not the most important. The real reason was that the voters, including good-government Republicans, voted for Democratic candidates. Of course, the party war was the principal element in parts of the Twelfth District, in connection with concerted action between certain so-called Democratic and Republican workers; but in other parts of the city the good-government vote caused Republican losses.

When the situation is thoroughly canvassed the most rabid Republican must confess that the sort of misgovernment rendered in municipal affairs by the old Republican gang was back of all his party's political troubles. After sifting the subject it is clear that the chief reason for Republican defeat and Democratic success was that the respectable people of St. Louis had become sick of gang rule and voted for reform. That is how the Nesbit law elected Democratic tickets.

UNEXPECTED CONCESSIONS.

Putting the tariff up for the purpose of knocking it down is one explanation forthcoming from Republican sources concerning the ultra-high rates in the Dingley schedule. Mr. Dingley himself is said to have stated that rates were too high and that the purpose of making them high was to allow a margin for subsequent reciprocity negotiations.

Certain Senators took umbrage at the statement that Mr. Dingley had spoken to this effect, construing the same in the light of a charge of moral turpitude against the dead author. Accordingly they defended his "memory."

Senator Dooliver of Iowa replied to the "defense," saying that he shared the Senators' veneration for Governor Dingley, but regretted that the country had received the impression that some infamous accusation had been made against his fair name. To prove that no crime had been committed, Senator Dooliver says that he himself was a member of the Ways and Means Committee which reported the Dingley bill, and that the committee had deliberately put up the duties "for the express purpose of having them traded down."

In short, the Senator admits the truth of the fact, but denies the inference.

In strict sense there is no greater "crime" in putting up tariff rates for one purpose than for another, except, of course, a fixing of rates pursuant to a dishonest agreement with monopolies—and no crime of the latter kind has on this occasion been revealed or definitely charged. From one standpoint high tariff per se is criminal; Republicans, however, are not yet ready to accept this truth.

The real crime committed by Governor Dingley, Mr. Dooliver and the committee and every voter for the bill was a crime against reason and sound sense. Putting it up to knock it down was a recognition of the fact that high tariff is not, of itself, a good thing for this country. This much the Republicans admitted, and this is the significant fact that Republicans will not see. Their purpose was to hold a high schedule against countries which sought entrance for products—not because the admission of foreign goods was undesirable, but in order to force foreign nations to admit our products. Unless this was the theory of putting up to knock down, then Mr. Dooliver's and other explanations are meaningless. High tariff with a view to reciprocity was the intention.

The explanation, coming as it does by way of excuse for an ultra-high tariff, puts the Republican Congress in an anomalous position. Why excuse that which they show no disposition to remedy?

But the fact that the explanation, the excuse, is offered is, without reference to inconsistency, gratifying, being a forced acknowledgment of evils. That a high tariff is not good for us as compared with reciprocity—this is something, coming from Republicans in Congress. It is a distinct concession to truth.

Reciprocity itself is one form of free trade. Reciprocity acknowledges that we need the products of other lands and that we require a universal market for our goods. Reciprocity says: "Trade with me and I'll trade with you. I can make more than I can use of certain things, and you have things which I require." It is the principle of free trade, qualified, narrowed and restricted; that is all. Democracy believes in a free and universal market for all countries, a market in which our vast commercial power would at once take the ascendancy.

Are Republicans unwittingly preparing the way to accept Democracy's doctrine?

Commenting upon The Republic's recipe for curing gang-ridden cities, the Washington Post intimates that the time for St. Louis to advise her sister cities will not have arrived until our convicted bootleggers have been placed behind felon's bars. But, says the Post, granting that the bootleggers will ultimately find their way into the Penitentiary, that fact will not render the recipe altogether reliable.

A determined Grand Jury and prosecuting officer; twelve men sworn to duty to act upon clues and evidence, which will be found ready to hand, and an honest State official to pursue the work—such is the recipe.

This simple medicine will not work, the Post contends, because in a thoroughly gang-ridden city the gang makes sure that its members and their henchmen are not out to the mercy of juries or prosecutors. "Tweed showed how to accomplish that. And the gang that rules Philadelphia is charged with jury-fixing in the case of a repeater. In a 'gang-ridden' city no official, not even a Judge or prosecutor, can be elected without the advice and consent of the gang. What would it profit the ring to own the executive and legislative departments of a city if the courts were beyond their reach?"

Passing for a moment the timeliness of St. Louis's advice, The Republic respectfully takes issue upon the matter of the dose's efficacy. Allowing that gangs and bosses are thoroughly entrenched behind all branches of city government, they cannot escape the old truth that murder will out, despite all precautions.

Tweed was fortified by every inequality. St. Louis's bootleg ring was even better so. They worked within guarded doors. They were a perfect organization, moving with the secrecy of a close corporation, banded together by a horrible oath pledging death as the penalty for divulgence. They controlled supremely and absolutely their own sphere of operations. Yet neither in the Tweed nor St. Louis cases, when investigation had actually started, did the evidence prove to be far beneath the surface. In both cases the clew-threads were patent to the public eye.

And the prediction is safe that Philadelphia's evidence, when the time comes, will be readily procurable. There are few Philadelphians who do not know just where to look for it. Municipal vice, like murder, "though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ."

A Grand Jury, now that public opinion clamors for a civic renaissance, may press the button. The machinery is bound to move; slowly, perhaps, at first, but surely. Not even dishonest courts and officers can long resist its power.

With all deference to the Post, the fault is not

with the medicine, but with the sick city which refuses to take it. American cities cannot afford to confess inability to throw off corruption; confession is a poor excuse for absence of civic courage. Confession of weakness is more than half the disease.

Respecting the intimation that St. Louis's advice is premature, the better informed citizens entertain no doubt of the bootleggers' fate—penal servitude and stripes. The mass of the public, indeed, is confident of the result. The bench and bar of Missouri generally share the confidence. Expression of doubt, such as the Post mentions, are rarely heard in Missouri. Bootleggers themselves are without hope.

This city's sincerity has been fully demonstrated. St. Louis has gulped down the dose of reform without flinching. It is well on the way to cure, health and cleanliness. In tendering suggestions to other cities, St. Louis is not a sooty kettle vilifying the pots; nor, to repeat, does it arrogate to itself the pharisaical superiority which its righteous attempts might appear to wear. But it speaks with the well-wishing sincerity and enthusiasm of a sick man, now convalescent, who in the joy of returning health recommends a tried cure to fellow-sufferers.

The dose is harmless. Assuredly a forceful jury and decent prosecutor can hurt no city. The Post will grant that they may do good. The Republic so contends.

President Roosevelt has acted harshly and with a suggestion of the autocratic spirit in abolishing the Post Office at Indianapolis, Miss., rather than accept the resignation of a woman Postmaster to whom the citizens of that town objected, but who had not been threatened or intimidated in any manner. The smallest American village has rights which even the most strenuous American President must respect, and Indianapolis's right to a Post Office has now been sacrificed in a politician's play for personal profit as a candidate for the presidential nomination.

If pistol duels on street cars and in public places are to become the order, everybody will have to be addressed as "Colonel," "Captain" or "General," according to the number of firearms he carries and his record as a marksman. One good way to stop street battles is to fix a heavy punishment against carrying instruments of war.

If you wish to help the deserving destitute now suffering in the rigors of winter and fuel famine, the Provident Association and other organized charities are the best channels through which to work. Beware of the street beggar. He robs you, and the genuinely needy whom you seek to aid, at one and the same time.

Apparently Venezuela means to keep itself before the public indefinitely. To all appearances the demand down there is for fight—possibly for the fun of it. If Castro's government gets a bloody nose, however, it will scream for its Uncle Sam. It's too bad there isn't a reform school for incorrigible petty Powers.

South Carolina must bitterly regret her lack of proud and worthy Democrats of the Wade Hampton type when she contemplates, as successors to the old-time leaders of the State Democracy, such figures as are presented by the two Tillmans now representing her before the world.

The allies are said to be slow in meeting President Castro's plans for arbitration. Perhaps, though, there is some excuse for them. They may be giving Castro ample time to recover from his holiday dance and festivities.

Requisitions for renovation of the Capitol at Jefferson City should include one for cleaning out the lobby in toto and burying the tempers.

RECENT COMMENT.

Mr. Morgan and the Baby.

Saturday Evening Post.

Often in the spring and fall Mr. Morgan leaves his office abruptly, several hours before his usual time, and disappears mysteriously. Some of his clerks wish and all of them wonder. And his partners and the great men of the street who need his advice frown and wish "P. M." would appreciate what it means to them to have him go off with loose ends of big enterprises hanging every which way.

It would be a very daring—it might be a very meaningful—to do, to follow Mr. Morgan. But let us venture it. His cab takes him to the pier off which his yacht Corsair waits for him. He enters a launch and his steamed swiftly to the beach and the yacht.

It steams steadily for an hour, then puts in at the landing of a summer house—the house of a young married couple who are very near relatives of Mr. Morgan. The great man, who has been travelling alone, disembarks alone and goes up to the house.

In a little while a baby, a near relative of Mr. Morgan's, as near as a grandchild. He wakes the baby up, and the baby at first doesn't fancy being rudely recalled from the very pleasant land of nod to the as yet, for it, not at all pleasant land of cold, and sticking pins, of poking fingers and "say koo-goo" mania. But once its big eyes are opened and it clearly sees who has recalled it, it would appreciate what it means to them to have him go off with loose ends of big enterprises hanging every which way.

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